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NO. 14.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE ROMAN
EMPRESS THEODORA.

UNDER the reign of Anastatius, the care of the wild beasts maintained by the green faction at Constantinople, was entrusted to Acacius a native of the isle of Cyprus, who, from his employment, was surnamed the master of the bears. This honourable office was given after his death to another candidate, notwithstanding the diligence of his widow, who had already provided a husband and a successor. Acacius had left three daughters, Comito, Theodora, and Anastatia, the eldest of whom did not then exceed the age of seven years. On a solemn festival these helpless orphans were sent by their distressed and indignant mother, in the garb of suppliants, into the midst of the theatre; the green faction received them with contempt, the blues with compassion; and this difference, which sunk deep into the mind of Theodora, was felt long afterwards in the administration of the empire. As they improved in age and beauty, the three sisters were successively devoted to the public and private pleasures of the Byzantine people; and Theodora, after following Comito on the stage, in the dress of a slave, with a stool on her head, was at length permitted to exercise her independent talents. She neither danced, nor sung, nor

played on the flute; her skill was confined to the pantomime arts; she excelled in buffoon characters, and as often as the comedian swelled her cheeks, and complained with a ridiculous tone and gesture of the blows that were inflicted, the whole theatre of Constantinople resounded with laughter and applause. The beauty of Theodora was the subject of more flattering praise, and the source of more exquisite delight. Her features were delicate and regular; her complexion, though somewhat pale, was tinged with a natural colour; every sensation was instantly expressed by the vivacity of her eyes; her easy motions displayed the graces of a small but elegant figure; and either love or adulation might proclaim, that painting and poetry were incapable of delineating the matchless excellence of her form. But this form was degraded with the facility with which it was exposed to the public eye, and prostituted to licentious desire. Her vernal charms were abandoned to a promiscuous crowd of citizens and strangers, of every rank, and of every profession. The fortunate lover, who had been promised a night of enjoyment, was often driven from her bed by a stronger or more wealthy favourite: and when she passed through the streets, her presence was avoided by all who wished to escape either the scandal or the temptation. The satir-

ical historian has not blushed to describe the naked scenes which Theodora was not ashamed to exhibit in the theatre. After exhausting the arts of sensual pleasure, she most ungratefully murmured against the parsimony of nature ; but her murmurs, her pleasures, and her arts, must be veiled in the obscurity of a learned language. After reigning for some time, the delight and contempt of the capital, she condescended to accompany Ecebolus a native of Tyre, who had obtained the government of the African Pentapolis. But this union was frail and transient ; Ecebolus soon rejected an expensive or faithless concubine ; she was reduced at Alexandria to extreme distress ; and in her laborious return to Constantinople, every city of the East admired and enjoyed the fair Cyprian, whose merit appeared to justify her descent from the peculiar island of Venus. The vague commerce of Theodora, and the most detestable precautions preserved her from the danger which she feared ; yet once, and once only, she became a mother. The infant was saved, and educated in Arabia, by his father, who imparted to him on his death-bed that he was the son of an empress. Filled with ambitious hopes, the unsuspecting youth immediately hastened to the palace of Constantinople, and was admitted to the presence of his mother. As he was never more seen, even after the decease of Theodora, she deserves the foul imputation of extinguishing with his life a secret so offensive to her imperial virtue.

In the most abject state of her fortune and reputation, some vision, either of sleep or fancy, had whispered to Theodora the pleasing assurance that she was destined to become the spouse of a potent monarch. Conscious of her approaching greatness, she returned from Paphlagonia to Constantinople ; assumed, like a skilful actress, a more decent character ; relieved her poverty by the laudable industry of spinning wool ; and affected a life of chastity and solitude in a small house, which she afterwards changed into a magnificent temple. Her beauty, assisted, by art or accident, soon attracted, captivated

and fixed, the patrician, Justinian, who already reigned with absolute sway under the name of his uncle. Perhaps she contrived to enhance the value of a gift which she had so often lavished on the meanest of mankind ; perhaps she inflamed, at first by modest delays, and at last by sensual allurements, the desires of a lover who, from nature or devotion was addicted to long vigils and abstemious diet. When his first transports had subsided, she still maintained the same ascendant over his mind, by the more solid merit of temper and understanding. Justinian delighted to enoble and enrich the object of his affection ; the treasures of the East were poured at her feet, and the nephew of Justin was determined, perhaps by religious scruples to bestow on his concubine the sacred and legal character of a wife. But the laws of Rome expressly prohibited the marriage of a senator with any female, who had been dishonoured by a servile origin or theatrical profession ; the empress Lupicina or Euphemia, a Barbarian of rustic manners, but of irreproachable virtue, refused to accept a prostitute for her niece, and even Vigilantia, the superstitious mother of Justinian, though she acknowledged the wit and beauty of Theodora, was seriously apprehensive lest the levity and arrogance of that artful paramour might corrupt the piety and happiness of her son. These obstacles were removed by the inflexible constancy of Justinian. He patiently expected the death of the empress ; he despised the tears of his mother, who soon sunk under the weight of her affliction ; and a law was promulgated in the name of the emperor Justin, which abolished the rigid jurisprudence of antiquity. A glorious repentance (the words of the edict) was left open for the unhappy females who had prostituted their persons on the theatre, and they were permitted to contract a legal union with the most illustrious of the Romans. This indulgence was speedily followed by the solemn nuptials of Justinian and Theodora ; her dignity was gradually exalted with that of her lover ; and as soon as Justin had invested his nephew with the purple, the patriarch

of Constantinople placed the diadem on the heads of the emperor and empress of the East.

(To be concluded next week.)

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO CŒLEBS.

NATURAL as is the love of admiration to the human heart, the avowal of attachments, which I imagined was intimated in your letters, was far from affording me pleasure; for I must revere the judgment and prudence of the man, whom perhaps fate has destined me to wed, as well as love the amiable and engaging qualities of his heart. Although the manner of your declaration of my having "conjured up affection" where none existed, was not of so delicate and attractive a nature as to prove very flattering to my feelings, I was sensibly gratified to find that my opinion of your want of sincerity was unfounded.

I do not however think that my error was a creature of my own imagination, or to be attributed wholly to innate vanity, or extreme sensibility; for do not many parts of your letters (whether intentional or otherwise I cannot determine) admit of a twofold interpretation?

The voice of reason, with all your fancied energy and romantic warmth, I do not hear summoning me to forsake the path in which I have inconsiderately ventured, but in gentle accents warning me to beware the dangers and difficulties with which it is beset. If I have betrayed a word which will admit of such a construction, attribute it to an inadvertency which the haste in which I wrote would not allow me to correct.

Your sex acting in a more public capacity than ours; your conduct exposed to the observation of the multitude; if founded on virtuous principles, the animadversions of the censorious do not effect it in so great a degree, and you may feel an independence of their opinion, knowing that although a thick cloud for a while obscures its brightness, it will soon disperse and leave the sky clear and lucid as before: but

females more retiring, consequently less capable of vindicating their actions from the false glare of misrepresentation, are tremblingly alive to every voice of censure and feel acutely the least breath of detraction.

To the description of myself your fancy has given a higher coloring than I wished it to possess. It was far from my intention to intimate perfection or indeed any qualification superior to those possessed by many others. I mention this to prevent perhaps a future disappointment: for how often do we build a gay palace in the air, decorate it with gold and purple, and almost fancy the foundation a substantial one, until a passing breeze shakes the fair fabric and scarcely leaves even a broken pillar on which the imagination may rest.

I think Cœlebs you are somewhat hasty in your decisions, and by some strange fatality frequently determine upon the worst side of the question. One would imagine to see with what merciless exactness you dissect every sentence that escapes my pen, that you delighted in finding some subject for animadversion. I complain of this, only because it occasions needless repetition, therefore in future be more lenient to the faults you may discover whether occasioned by neglect or the little experience seventeen short years have afforded to

EMMA.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

AFFECTATION.

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art.
GOLDSMITH.

UNTIL lately, I have considered affectation as very inoffensive, and unworthy notice except silent contempt. But from a circumstance which will appear in the sequel, I am induced to alter my ideas on this subject. The fashionable belles of the day, seem determined that Nature shall no longer be an inmate with them, and the old lady is in danger of being turned into the wide world, without a friend to cherish and protect her. Many a pretty

mouth have I seen spoiled, by being twisted into such a variety of affected shapes, that in the end it was out of all shape. Many a handsome gait have I seen exchanged for what was meant for an easy swim, but turned out a kind of halting, hobbling pace, of which the like was never before seen, and I sincerely hope never will be again. But the head! mercy on me, my very blood curdles. You shall see. Sitting by my window a few days since, I was surprised by something darting past and back in an instant. I waited a moment, it appeared again. It was a lady's head! readers don't stare, I say, a lady's head. I could not explain the phenomenon, till stepping to the door I observed a lady a few rods distance, walking very leisurely along the street. But to describe the flourishes and figures her head made, far exceeds my abilities. Circles, triangles, pentagons, octagons, tetrahedons, rhombuses, rhomboids, parallelograms, parallelopipedons, &c. &c. with a variety of other figures, which would puzzle all the mathematicians on terra firma to demonstrate. I was fain to make good my retreat into the house, and even when there did not feel safe, for the aforementioned head appearing to act without any government, order or decorum, I feared it might attempt to "look in upon me," by popping through the window. I would seriously advise all good citizens to keep within doors, when they observe any of these heads travelling their circuit; as from some *caputological* observations I have made with a ten foot pole, and an old rusty hand-saw, it would be very dangerous coming in contact with one of them.

AGREEABLENESS.

How often have I seen (says lord Chesterfield) the most solid merit and knowledge neglected, unwelcome, and even rejected; whilst flimsy parts, little knowledge, and less merit, introduced by the graces, have been received, cherished, and admired!

A sound Faith is the best divinity; a good Conscience the best law; and Temperance the best physic.

LUCILLA.—A FRAGMENT.

THE tear of the morning hangs on the thorn and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower, and though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a partial similitude—But alas! no cheering sun exhales my sorrow, and the crystal which stole forth in the morning from my eye lids, holds a place at the midnight hour. And is love, said I, the cankerworm that has preyed on thy beauty? does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear? No! replied Lucilla, love gave me all its choicest blessings. During five years I rioted in them, and this world was a place of happiness to me. William, it is true, is no more, but he died in the field of honor—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow; but I had my consolation: my William loved none but me, and he still lived in the blest image he left me of himself. It was my duty and soon became my sole delight to point out to the darling boy the path which his sire had trodden, and to instil into his expanding mind, an emulation of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave, which glory had dug for his father—but he too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers. Here my frenzy feeds my sorrow; and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till wearing nature conducts me to my husband and my child.

AGE

Does not necessarily confer experience; nor does even precept; nor any thing but an intercourse and acquaintance with things. And we frequently see those who have wanted opportunities to indulge their juvenile passions in youth, go preposterous lengths in old age, with all the symptoms of youth, except ability.

Extract from the Life of Col. Eaton.

THE TUNISIANS

HAVE little or no litigation, because they have no *attornies* among them.

They have no domestic scandal and neighborhood bickering, because they shut up their women.

Their young men are muscular, athletic, hale and enterprising, because they have no access to inebriation and veneries.

Their married men are inert and domestic, being permitted a plurality of wives they are always relaxed and forever jealous, and being in the perpetual habit of smoking tobacco, they have an eternal propensity to sleep.

Considered as a nation, they are deplorably wretched, because they have no property in the soil to inspire an ambition to cultivate it. They are abject slaves to the despotism of their government: and they are humiliated by tyranny, the worst of all tyrannies, the despotism of priestcraft. They live in more solemn fear of the frowns of a bigot who has been dead and rotten about a thousand years, than of the living despot whose frown would cost them their lives.

Their manners are simple, their living temperate, and their conversation generally without dissimulation. They have no midnight revels; no assaults and batteries, and very seldom assassinations.—The deplorable wretchedness which always attaches itself to seduction, and which so frequently wounds the eye of sensibility in every village in the Christian world, is unknown here; because they imprison their girls.

ANECDOTE.

An Irish sailor fell from the top of a man of war. Every person on the quarter deck supposed he must have been killed by the fall. The poor fellow, however, got up, apparently but little hurt. The first lieutenant, who was near him, inquired where he came from; 'Plase your honour,' replied Paddy, all the while rubbing his shoulder, 'I came from the North of Ireland.'

FEMALE GARRULITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

AN old eastern tradition says, that while Adam and Eve were in the happy garden, there was sent down to them a present, consisting of twelve baskets filled with chit chat, and that the baskets being emptied, the contents were scattered about the garden. It happened in the mean time that Adam, being rather in a pensive thoughtful mood, paid less attention to this present than his partner did so that he gathered but only three baskets full, while Eve nimbly collected, and carefully laid away for her use the other nine. The natural consequence was, that the stock of small talk, which women have, is in comparison with that of men, as nine to three.

HISTORY OF CARDS.

THE inventor of cards is not known, nor even the age when they first appeared; but, by the matter they were always made of, viz. leaves of paper, they should seem to be much posterior to the time of Charlemagne. They were probably invented about the year 1390, to divert Charles the Sixth, then king of France, who was fallen into a melancholy disposition. By the four suits or colours, the inventor might design to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. The cœurs, or hearts, denote the gens de cœur, choir-men or ecclesiastics. The nobility or prime military part of the kingdom, are represented by the ends or points of lances and pikes, which, through ignorance of the meaning of the figure, we have called spades. By diamonds are designed the order of citizens, merchants, and tradesmen. The trefoil leaf, or clover grass, corruptly called clubs, allude to the husbandmen and the peasants. The four kings are David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles; representing the celebrated four monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks, under Charlemagne. The queens represent Argine (for regina, queen by descent,) Esther, Judith, and Pallas; which are typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. The knaves denoted the servants to the knights:

others apprehend that the knights themselves were denoted by these cards, because Hogier and Lahire, two names of the French cards, were famous knights at the time when they were supposed to be invented. The method of making playing-cards, seem to have given the first hint to the invention of printing, as appears from the first specimens of printing at Haerlem and those in the Bodleian library.

VARIETY.

SHAVING.

IT is said that men first began to shave their beards in the time of Alexander. At Athens the introduction of the custom occasioned the cognomen of the *Shavers*. Diogenes, seeing one without his beard, said "Do you complain of nature, because she made you a man instead of a woman?"

READY COOKED.

A Spanish poet describing his passion, says that in thinking of his mistress he fell into a river, where the heat of his passion had such an effect on the water, that it bubbled up, and boiled the fish, insomuch that those who came to take him out, were diverted from their object by the delicacy of the fish, which were swimming about ready cooked.

THE REMOVAL.

A lawyer told his client, his adversary had removed his suit out of one court into another. Let him remove it to the devil, quoth the other, I am sure my attorney, for money, will follow him.

BACHELOR'S ATTEND!

What aileth thee? O selfish bachelor! Why still immure thyself in the cold prison of celibacy? Why shun the conversation and charms of the fair? Why not abandon the humdrum associate, the solitary pipe and the lonely chimney-corner, and mingle, like thy fellows in the society of the sex; does thy gloomy humor comport with pleasure, comport with interest? No; thy joy is sullen and thy fortune neglected.

Arise then, go out, inquire of some fair Rebecca of the land, wilt thou go with me? and be assured, if, like Jacob of old, thou art a patient, kind and persevering lover, her frank answer will be like that of her ancient namesake—I will go.

A SNUG HIDING PLACE.

A family who lately lived in the neighborhood of Newcastle, not very notorious for their sobriety, used frequently to have a row about the rapid decline of their finances. One of them, who earned more money than the rest, generally had his pockets lightened between night and morning, which induced him to seek a place of greater security for his cash. Various depositories were resorted to, but without success, till at length he fixed on the bible, in which his money lay sacred and undisturbed. The toper used frequently after to boast, among his companions, that the family bible was the only place of security in the house.

THE LEARNED LIBRARIAN.

A Monk, who discharged, in some place, the office of Librarian, finding a Hebrew Book in the collection, and not knowing under what title to class it, in his catalogue, called it "*a Book, the beginning of which is at the end.*"

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO ELLA.

SWEET are the sentiments that flow
From thy kind sympathising mind;
Oh that my heart, like thine, may glow
With love to God and human kind.

Yes, Ella, tho' unknown to me,
Thy muse reveals thy virtuous heart;
She paints a portraiture of thee:
No fancied sketch of pliant art.

But, why no more the muses woo?
Thy harp so long untouched, unstrung?
Why cease to hold its charms to view;
Is it upon the willow hung?

Two fleeting months, have rolled away,
In time's still silent travelling car,
Since I have heard thy soothing lay,
Or, charmed, beheld thy brilliant star.

Come then! once more thy harp restrung;
Run o'er the willing chord, again;
'Twill to my heart sweet music bring;
Nor shall its notes be turned in vain.

SILENBOG.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

TO-MORROW.

[By a young Lady of this City.]

TO-DAY the tear-drop scarce can flow,
So bitter is my mental sorrow,
But evening's shade can chase that woe,
And hope speak of a blest to-morrow.

There is no soul, heart rending grief,
There is no hour so fraught with sorrow,
But tears can bring a kind relief,
And hope speak of a blest to-morrow.

There is no pleasure then so gay,
But threat'ning clouds from fate can borrow
A storm, to blast the joyous day,
Thy look'd for, hop'd for blest to-morrow.

Hear but the voice of sixteen years,
Altho' it weeps o'er present sorrow,
Those tears soon dry, a smile appears
Upon the lips that speak to-morrow.

To-morrow—hear Obidah cry,
There is but one—one sure to-morrow:
Be wise to-day—learn strength to die,
To live again—a blest to-morrow.

'Tis age, 'tis eighty summers speak,
That voice is wise by years and sorrow,
But ah! fond youth, how frail, how weak,
That only looks for life's to-morrow.

To thee that morrow ne'er may rise,
Or if, o'er scenes of darkness, horror
May close in endless night thine eyes,
To bring alas! no blest to-morrow.

ADELAIDE.

SUSPENCE.

Suspense! thou doubtful wavering state,
Bounded alike by joy and pain,
Why do sad presages of fate
O'erwhelm the soul beneath thy reign?

Why do the spirits ne'er prepare
To bid a gleam of hope prevail?
Nor buoyant fancy ever dare
With promis'd bliss to turn the scale?

Too much dispos'd to fear the worst,
And every livelier hope preclude,
The soul, with fancied misery curst,
Repels with scorn each offer'd good!

'Tis much indeed, if to the breast
A dubious heavy calm be given,
Left, like thy prophet's tomb, to rest,
Exactly pois'd 'twixt earth and heaven!

THE BLUSH.

ROSEATE tint of purest virtue,
Bloom ethereal, blush divine!
Bidding, by thy sweet suffusion,
Loveliness more lovely shine!

More than beauty's fairest feature,
More than form's most perfect grace,
Touching the fond heart, and giving
Softest charms to every face.

Test of quick empassion'd feeling
Jewel in the dower of youth;
Modesty's unquestion'd herald,
Pledge of innocence and truth;

Infant passion's varying banner,
Trembling consciousness display'd
Lover! seize the fleeting meteor,
Catch the rainbow ere it fade.

THE TEAR.

SACRED boon of favouring Heaven!
Test of reason, pearly tear!
In some bounteous moment given,
Soothing anguish most severe!

Melting child of mute affliction,
Misery's due, and feeling's gem!
Precious pledge of young affection,
Fairest flower on pity's stem!

Reconcilement's sweet oblation,
Healing the distemper'd heart!
Friendship's dearest, best libation,
Balm for every anxious smart!

Oh how near ally'd to sorrow
Are our transports most sincere!
Ev'n delight is forc'd to borrow
Feeling's rich, expressive tear!
Humid eyes, that softly languish,
What do your full orbs declare?
Dew-drop, form'd of hope and anguish,
Love himself has plac'd thee there!

MARY.

How dear in the Spring is the hum of the Bee,
How pleasant the sun's parting beam;
But pleasanter still, and still dearer to me,
Is Mary, the Nymph I esteem.

How fair is the Lily that blooms in the vale,
And th' Eglantine—pride of the grove;
But fairer than all the fair flowers of the dale,
Is Mary, the Nymph that I love.

How sweet is the fragrance from blossoms of
spring,
And the rich scented, rosy-crown'd bower;
But sweeter than all the sweet odours they
bring,
Is Mary, the Nymph I adore.

Enchantingly sweet is the Music that floats,
In soft melting tones from the Lyre;
But far more enchanting than all its sweet
notes,
Is Mary, the Nymph I admire.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK :

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE Dutch sloop of war Ajax, with the merchant ship Prince of Orange, has arrived at Boston from Helyoetsluys, which port she left the 22d of May, and Portsmouth (where she touched) the 6th of June: of course brings nothing more than we have had. In the sloop of war came his excellency Mynheer Changuion, esq. (with his family and suite) as Minister from the Prince of Orange to the United States.

By the British official account of the battle of Chippewa, fought the 5th ult. as published in General Orders the 13th at Montreal, it appears they had 138 killed, 304 wounded, and 46 missing, making in the whole 488.

On Tuesday last accounts were brought to this city from Albany, that another bloody battle was fought on the plain at the Falls of Niagara. The battle commenced at 6 o'clock in the evening, and continued, some say, until half after ten at night. Among the many letters and accounts already published, which all speak of the heroism and perseverance of the American arms in this trying battle, we select the following letter (as somewhat official) from capt. Austin, aid to Gen. Brown, to Nathan Williams, esq. at Utica, dated Buffalo, the 27th ultimo:

"I am desired by General Brown to inform you, that on the 25th inst. the concentrated forces of Upper Canada, under major general Riall and lieutenant general Drummond, were met by our troops near the Falls of Niagara, and a long, desperate and sanguinary engagement took place.—Our army having drove them from every position which they attempted to hold, after having stormed their battery, carried all their artillery, and kept possession of the ground for more than three hours, retired to camp in good order, and without being disturbed by them. General Brown received severe wounds, and is now confined by them—His aid, captain Spencer, (son of Judge Spencer of this city) was mortally wounded—Gen. Scott, his aid (Mr. Worth) and his brig. Major, were all severely wounded. The loss on each side is immense, General Riall, and 20 officers of rank, with about 200 privates, are taken prisoners.—Our army have fallen back to Erie.

P. S. The wounds of General Brown, tho' they may be very tedious are not by any means considered dangerous. General Ripley is left in command of our forces."

Another letter of a later date, says, the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded, was rising 800, with 200 men and 20 officers prisoners, with one piece of artillery. Our loss in killed, wounded and missing, is from 6 to 700. Such it is said was the fury of this action, that the enemy's artillery were twice taken and retaken during the battle, and that the first brigade of our troops was almost annihilated.

The village of St. David's, near Queenstown was burnt the 19th ult. by col. Stone, of the militia; for which it is said he is suspended.

The Corporation of this city have made a patriotic call on those capable of bearing arms, to be ready at a moment's warning, in this season of threatened invasion—to defend our country, our city, and our families, from a foreign enemy; and to remove the shipping in the harbor out of danger.

The British 50 gun ship Leopard, now armed en flute, has been wrecked in the gulph of St. Lawrence.

The new frigate Java, rating 44 guns, to be commanded by the gallant Perry, was launched the 1st inst. at Baltimore.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Henry Warwick, to Miss Delia Genreau.

By the rev. Mr. Gunn, Edmund C. Genet, esq. to Miss Martha B. Osgood.

By the same, Samuel Osgood, esq. to Miss Juliana Osgood.

By the rev. Mr. Jarvis, John M'Kesson, esq. to Miss Catharine Ann Bradhurst.

By the rev. Mr. Totten, Mr. William Wardell, to Miss Maria Ann Brown.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. Martin Morrisson, aged 55 years. An old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

Mrs. Margaret Hyde.

Mr. John Reynolds, aged 73.

Mr. John Cummings, aged 39 years.

Mrs. Jennet Timson, wife of Mr. John W. Timson,

Miss Harriet Jarvis.

At Paris, Josephine, Bonaparte's old wife, to whom he was married in 1796, being then widow of Gen. Beauharnois.

THE MUSEUM,

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